

Ford Times

54th Year

DECEMBER 1961



In this issue

Away From Home At Christmas
Fairlane: New Universal Car

Visit the SOUTH



The spirit of Christmas finds vivid expression on our front cover in Stephen Rascoe's painting of the Pastorela, medieval Spanish folk play still given by the people of La Encantada, Texas (story on page 31). That the holiday week also is a time for travel is reflected (opposite) in another of the FORD TIMES posters which have appeared in recent issues. "Visit the South," painted by Horace Day, shows Monticello, Thomas Jefferson's home in Virginia

The New Universal Car

Specifically created for Americans who like economy but not austerity, the 1962 Fairlane is the surprise of the year

by William Laas and Burgess H. Scott

photographs by Robert Boram

THE RUMORS AND RUMBLINGS that invariably herald the coming of a new car have been really flying about the 1962 Fairlane, gaining momentum as this brand new design approached manufacture. Groping for a descriptive phrase, the talk tagged this new car as a "super-compact," a "middle-sized," even an "in-between" automobile.

The announced dimensions of the Fairlane would seem to verify the rumors—and yet, size plays only a coincidental role. What's important

about a new car is what it does for the owner and driver.

The new Fairlane is a little over sixteen feet long, nearly six feet wide, a few inches under five feet high, and it weighs about 2800 pounds. Such specifications do place it between our compact Falcon and our full-size Galaxie lines.

The Fairlane price is "in-between," too. It so happens that this particular size/price position matches the optimum specifications for Ford's new

continued on page 19

New Fairlane 500 Fordor sedan

by Robert Martin Hodesh
paintings by Kenneth Harris



he Twelve Days of Christmas at Williamsburg

*In the town where Tom Jefferson held forth, they
celebrate the kind of Yuletide he may have known*

AS THE YEARS roll along and one Yuletide succeeds another, we occasionally hear complaints that Christmas—the real Christmas—is getting harder and harder to find. The season, so some editorials tell us, is in danger of being lost in a blare of neon lighting, too much long-term credit, and a welter of carols that are piped from every direction but which we somehow find less and less time to sing.

If you are among those who think that some of the truths of the season are being forgotten, you must spend a few of the days of Christmas at Williamsburg, a faithful reconstruction of the eighteenth-century village that was the capital of the Virginia Colony. Its directors, prizing the authenticity that was sought by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., when he gave the money for its reconstruction, are not content merely to talk about an old-fashioned Christmas; they live it every year.

And their way of doing so is quite simple: they reproduce the Yule of Colonial times. They put on its ceremonies, play its games, have its feasts—but perhaps more important, they unite these with the *attitudes* of two centuries ago. Among these were joyousness and superb taste.

Christmas in Williamsburg, instead of being principally

For luck, Williamsburg's youngest child douses Yule fire with wine



a one-day event, as in our time, is a series of high good times continuing for twelve days. It begins with the Grand Illumination of the city, when the Yule lights of the houses and buildings are turned on for the first time. The whole town seems to glow gently with candles, although, for safety, the lights are not candles but bulbs of low wattage.

The small, flame-shaped bulbs are white (colored Christmas lights are a modern invention) and are perhaps the only white part of the Williamsburg observance. It is barely possible there will be snow on the ground but not likely, so that this will not be a "white Christmas," either to the eye or the ear. The ear is more likely to hear the "Boar's Head Carol."

It will be mainly a green Christmas in which holly, live oak, laurel, and other native evergreens provide decoration for tables, mantles, and doors. You will look in vain for Christmas trees in the public buildings; they're a Germanic custom that came to America decades later. Essentially, this is an English-style Christmas, with a few touches now associated with Southern celebrations of the season, such as fireworks. One of the events is a visit to Christiana Campbell's Tavern where guests help themselves at the "groaning board," the kind of Christmas feast we read about but rarely see—roast beef, plum pudding, mince pie, various kinds of game, syllabub and other liquid refreshment, with the addition of seafood from Chesapeake Bay.

Among the parties is the King's Arms Revels, at which unlimited amounts of champagne flow and strolling musicians lead the guests in singing. Here everyone puts on an eighteenth-century blouse with full sleeves to get into the spirit of things: meaning the singing, the dancing, and, at another party called Chowning's Gambols, the playing of games two hundred years old. One is "put," a Colonial form of poker in which the 3 is high card and the chips are shells carved in the form of fish.

The program offers visitors some fifty events. Not all is revelry; there are church services. Here is a Christmas much like those Tom Jefferson and Patrick Henry enjoyed—a light-hearted season in a joyous and tasteful age. ■

(For information about accommodations and parties, write Mrs. Mary Thompson, Box 217, Williamsburg, Virginia.)

At right, a huge wassail bowl cheers guests at the Kings Arms Revels in the Williamsburg Inn. Below, guests are greeted at one of the other inns during a Yule tour of Colonial houses



Voilà les American Roads!

A merry Gallic view of American cars, cops, and driving. Another in the **FORD TIMES** series on seeing ourselves as others see us

by Paul Guihard



I LIKE being in America. I want to make this clear right at the start so that if I happen to sound off on things that annoy me you won't start saying: "Another professional anti-American, why doesn't he go home?" I came here because I wanted to see the United States. I'm glad I did, and if I didn't like it I would go home.

Although I'm full of opinions on many aspects of American life, I'd like to confine myself here to cars,

roads, police, and related matters. I had no sooner settled down in New York in my own apartment than I acquired a car to get away from it.

Here let me put another statement on record: I apologize for the malicious slander to which the American automobile is constantly subjected by many Europeans. The American car is misunderstood, the world's most maligned vehicle.

For example, a complaining

Frenchman might tend to overlook the fact that Americans have much bigger families than the French and travel about together a lot more. A little sports car may be madly dashing, but try getting your wife and four teen-age children into it, together with enough luggage for a fortnight's vacation in Florida. This, incidentally, explains the absence here of a sight well known in France where it invariably startles visitors: the family car heading hell-for-leather for the coast, carrying its own volume in crates and furniture on the roof. With an American car you don't need professional skill to pack and you needn't put anything or anybody on the roof unless, of course, you want to.

You also hear this accusation: "American cars are no good on turns." After a year of driving in the United States, I am tempted to ask: "What turns?" True, some Detroit creations would never get around the narrow streets of Saint Malo, my home town, and taking one on a tour of the Alpes-Maritimes would be only slightly more exhausting than walking a giraffe up the Empire State Building; but, on American roads, they are strictly functional, not to say conservative.

Your brakes! What a joy they are! In fact, I still have a tendency to forget I am driving an American car and shed rubber through over-vigorous brake thumping, *a la Française*. One can drive all day long and not feel tired, so comfortable are these Detroit-bred machines.

Now, about roads. I am not going

to say anything about the American highway system. To a Frenchman it appears near-perfect, and I have nothing to add.

But what is bad, especially to me, since in France we have possibly the best road signs in the world, is your system of indications to motorists. For one thing, there is no standardization, let alone from state to state, but even within states or cities. Signs seldom seem to crop up in the same place twice running. You often have to look for them.

In city streets, traffic signals are a positive menace: you never know where they are going to show up next and in too many cases they can be obstructed by tall trucks. In France, you know that at an intersection the light will be in such and such a place. Not here! Sometimes only one light serves for a six-street intersection, and often they are placed against a background of neon signs which make them next to impossible to find. Sometimes they are on top of you, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, sometimes even three blocks away and you're left with an idiotic little sign which says: "Stop here on



Not in America

red signal" (the signal that's three blocks away, that is).

Another pet gripe of mine: there are no "symbolic signs." I read somewhere there is a movement for having them adopted here. I hope so. For instance, a black humped bridge done in symbol on a yellow disk is quicker to understand than a large sign with a gabby message on it.

Most of the major turnpikes, I have found, have very good signs, but there are, in my humble view, too many exceptions. For instance, what is the purpose, along a three-lane highway, of a sign which says: "Bridge traffic only" when you don't want to go on the bridge and the last exit is already three hundred feet behind you?

And why do so few signs light up at night? Even with headlights on full, some are not easy to read. In places you can drive twenty miles without being told where you are or where you're heading. This is the sort of thing that drives a visitor crazy. I am sure a secret organization of sadists put up—or failed to put up—some of those signs. If they were after laughs, I can assure them they

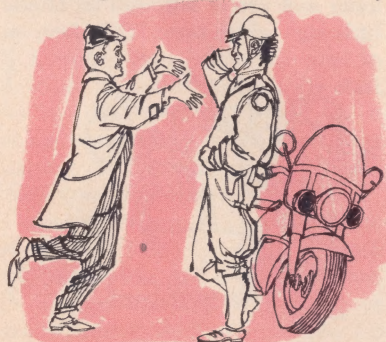
have succeeded: in the space of six months I had gone over every single Manhattan bridge by mistake.

From roads, inevitably to drivers: I salute the American driver. His discipline, to a Frenchman, is something to marvel at. None of those Kamikaze pilot tendencies which seem to afflict our drivers at home. Road courtesy I have also found to be of a high standard, except in New York City, but there I suppose even an angel would occasionally curse. Since driving in America, I find I go much slower and have lost that French urge to overtake everybody and generally behave like a juvenile demon. Could it be that you are more mature and rational than we in your driving?

I have made a shattering discovery. Your policemen, reputed for their toughness and abrupt manners, are in fact big softies inside, dying to be loved! I mean it. If they are rude, I am certain it is because they expect others to be rude to them, but never have I seen policemen melt so quickly under the impact of a polite word and friendly smile.

Take an example: Last winter, I was helping friends to move to a new house. As we were only driving some fifteen blocks, I jammed the car with furniture and cases, and got four of us on the front seat. Soon, the inevitable siren and flashing red light. The cop looked grim and resolute as he stepped to my side. I got out of the car to be on equal speaking terms with him, that is, also standing.

Here is how it went:



"... a polite word, a friendly smile ..."

Charming me: "What's the trouble, officer?"

Outraged officer: "Four in the front, rear window obstructed, car overloaded. Do you think that's safe?"

C.M.: "You know, I think you have a point there."

O.O. (less outraged): "You bet I have. What about your speed, you were doing nearly 40. Do you know what the New York City speed limit is?"

C.M.: "Yes, of course. It's 50, isn't it? Or 40?"

O.O. (very gently): "It's 25."

C.M.: "Really? Oh dear, sorry about that. My mistake."

O.O.: "Can I see your registration certificate?"

C.M.: "Can you tell me what it looks like? A little piece of yellow paper? Yes, I think I have one. Here it is."

O.O.: "Driving license?"

(It happens that my license dates back to the days when I was in London. I've kept it with a sticker making it valid in the U.S.A.)

O.O. (comprehension dawning): "You're English, are you?"

C.M.: "Well, no, I'm French."

The officer gave up. He failed to notice my arm was in a sling as a result of a fall a few days earlier and I only had one arm to drive. He smiled



Loaded policeman

pleasantly, gave me a short lecture, and finished by pointing at the car and saying: "I think you'd better send two of these people off in a cab; it'll be safer that way. Good night, sir." An American friend with me was dumbfounded. "I didn't think it was possible," he kept saying.

One added note on policemen: those in New York City fascinate me. Overburdened with gun, truncheon, report books, pens, they are a living tribute to the late Mack Sen-
nett. When I first arrived, whenever I saw a cop I used to follow him for several blocks. I was bitterly disappointed. Not one lost his pants.

Well, there you have it. I don't intend to settle in the United States. The reason is, it isn't my home, but I'm very glad I came. Everybody I meet here asks me after a minute of conversation: "And how do you like America?" Just for the fun of seeing the baffled look on peoples' faces I reply: "I like it. It's quaint." That, of course, is what to a Frenchman America can never be. ■

Note: For a good-natured rebuttal to this story, by one who was recently in Mr. Guihard's country and has his own notions about French road signs, see "Letters," page 63.

Assigned last spring to the New York bureau of Agence France-Presse, Paul Guihard lost no time becoming a car driver—but, like most Europeans, a driver for fun, not for transportation. Age 30, he has also been a correspondent in Paris and London.

Villagers don't call them old, but some buildings go back two centuries

Bedford Village: They Keep that Colonial Look

*Taken from Connecticut and ceded to New York State,
it remains a bit of Yankeeland on Gotham's doorstep*

by Sloan Wilson . . . paintings by Cecile Johnson

IT IS NOT TRUE, as harassed drivers have sometimes wryly remarked, that the hilly cemetery behind the green at Bedford Village is filled with the graves of persons summarily shot for suggesting that the same village green be turned into a parking lot. For one thing, in calmer moments no sane citizen of Bedford would ever consider abolishing his cherished village green; for another, such scoundrels would never be accorded burial in hallowed ground.

It is a fact, however, that Bedford Village has always been full of unusually tradition-minded people. Although their town was ruthlessly torn from Connecticut in an early-day boundary dispute, and declared to be a part of the state of New York, they have kept it a model New England village. While communities all around have grown into Manhattan suburbs crowded with modern ranch houses and split-level dwellings, Bedford Village has somehow retained the spacious lawns and the quiet atmosphere of the past century.

One reason that it has remained unspoiled is that the railroad was held at bay, seven miles away in Bedford Mills. Bedford Village has no station, and commuters really have to like the place to live there. Another reason for its beauty is its self-appointed street cleaners. Home-owners are quick to pounce on

Saint Matthew's Episcopal contains memorials to many noted Americans



papers scattered by motorists passing along State Highway 22, and many a child is paid a bounty for gum wrappers, with a special premium for beer cans.

Bedford's beauty has been earned as well as given. The first settlers who came here from Stamford, Connecticut, in 1660 were in grave danger from Indians. Not many years previously a detachment of Dutch soldiers from Greenwich had, in retaliation for attacks on Pelham, massacred more than five hundred men, women and children near this site. Understandably enough, the Indians still had doubts about the white man, moving inland from the shore settlements on Long Island Sound, when the newcomers from Stamford arrived.

To their enduring credit, the first Bedford settlers bought their land from the Indians at prices then considered fair, and never fought with them. For the first purchase, something like \$240 worth of cloth and wampum was paid—about ten times the price of Manhattan. Most Bedford residents today believe that those early Indians showed a sound sense of the comparative values of real estate.

Bedford Village was always a place where it was wise to take one's civic responsibilities seriously. In the town records it is written that at a certain town meeting in 1687 only eighteen men showed up, though many more were qualified to attend. That noble eighteen promptly voted that "everyone here present at the town meeting have a pees of land containing four akers aded unto theyr former dividens for theyr faithfulness at the attending of town meetings." Ever since then, few persons have failed to vote on local issues.

There are no really old houses (Easterners have their own definition of "old") in Bedford Village, for on July 2, 1779, the British burned the whole town. A detachment of cavalry under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Banastre Tarleton was being harassed by local militiamen. Tarleton threatened to burn the village unless the Americans quit shooting. In the report seeking to justify his conduct, Tarleton wrote, "They persisted in firing until the torch stopped their progress . . ." The lit-

To Bedfordites, this venerable oak is a celebrated resident





the village's later history actually has been as peaceful as its early years were violent. Attracted by its serenity, many well known people have chosen to live here, starting with John Jay, first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and including Tallulah Bankhead and Bennett Cerf.

To the genuine astonishment of most local residents, some people don't like Bedford Village. The words "stuffy" and "snobbish" have been applied to it, and there is grave danger that the word "stylish" might be used. For a nice old New England village to become stylish would be as grotesque as putting a color photograph of my Great Aunt Sarah on the cover of *Vogue*. Still, it must be admitted, those big green fields on the outskirts of town aren't pastures. They're golf courses. There are also several riding stables in the vicinity where horse lovers dress as formally as the English nobility.

One visitor, on first seeing Bedford Village, asked whether it were a restoration, like Williamsburg, Virginia. The answer, of course, is no, in the sense that no foundation ever bought the town and reconstructed it. But the village does reflect a love of the past shared by everyone who lives or moves here. It would be hard to imagine anyone's buying land near the village green to build a flat-roofed modern house. Great as the advantages of modern architecture are, most modern homes are ill-equipped to withstand siege—and a siege by outraged villagers is what would undoubtedly follow such construction.

For anyone who doesn't want a Colonial or Victorian home around here, a castle, complete with moat, is the safest alternative. ■



Sloan Wilson is best known for his celebrated novel, "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit," but connoisseurs of good writing are familiar with his many stories published in *The New Yorker*. A previous novel, "A Summer Place," was successful both as book and motion picture, and last year he published another novel, "A Sense of Values."



Something New in Ice Racing

by John Schmidt

sketches by Marvin Friedman

*What they learn from "drag-
ging" cars on ice can teach you
how to drive better this winter*

DRIVING on ice- and snow-covered roads is not most drivers' idea of fun. In the Pocono Mountains in Pennsylvania's resort country, however, a clan of sports and compact car enthusiasts from many miles around gathers each Saturday, not just to drive on ice but to race on it — without benefit of chains or snow tires.

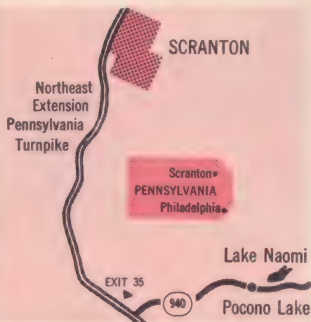
To these weekend adventurers, ice is actually a safety factor, for it permits their cars to spin and slide without rolling over. They get all the thrills of ordinary racing and more, minus the risks. They also get unique experience in handling their cars.

This brand of racing "on the rocks," as its originator, "Skip" Miller, has described it, makes good drivers out of those who take part. His wife, Lorna, who has had plenty of experience driving on ice herself, says, "It gets rid of the panic that causes so many mishaps on slippery

roads. Here you learn to 'give' with your car and regain control with the wheel. Lack of confidence causes ninety per cent of the trouble, and here at Lake Naomi, confidence is something you get plenty of."

The lake she speaks of—near Pocono, Pennsylvania—is where the racing takes place. Each weekend during the latter part of winter, when the ice thickens to about thirty inches, as many as seventy-five drivers and 2,000 spectators brave the mountain cold for this zany spectacle. The course covers about two miles, but sliding can add as much as half a mile to each lap. For the drivers, it's just another challenge against which they can pit their skill. There are no rewards for winning except small trophies; in fact, it costs \$10 to enter.

The races were started by Miller, a Pocono native who's been driving sports cars and stocks since he was



old enough to get a license. His family owns the lake and he used to take "spins" on it with some of his older cars. Then he got the idea of making it a formal contest with safety rules, an official starter, and a public address announcer. It started out for sports cars only but quickly caught on and now is open to compacts also. Six-cylinder American models like the Falcon do well against snorting eight-cylinder counterparts, for the ice is a stern leveler of both men and machines. Tremendous power is no great advantage here.

Good balance is the best feature a

car can have for this sport. As far as drivers are concerned, a deft hand on the wheel is far more important than a hefty foot on the gas. Each man is tested before he is permitted to race, and if he is obviously inexperienced, too aggressive, or driving "over his head," officials give him the black flag and try to persuade him to take up some other diversion.

All vehicles are inspected for proper safety equipment: seat belts, crash helmets, and fire extinguishers. They are checked to make sure there has been no "modification" of the engine or tampering with tires in an effort to get better traction. Both are strictly against the rules that Miller has set up.

A two-way radio links the starter, public address announcer, and observers along the course. If there is a spin-out, other drivers get a yellow flag, which means proceed with caution and be prepared to stop. The traditional checkered flag is flashed at the finish, and the winner makes a final lap holding aloft this sign of his victory.

People who have been infected with

*Running Le Mans start
on ice is a pre-race
test of skill*



How non-racers combat cold starts



the challenge of ice racing represent almost all walks of life—and even beyond. They include an I.B.M. engineer, a pot-and-pan salesman, a Cornell professor, and several automobile dealers from up-state Pennsylvania and New York. An undertaker from Endicott, New York, comes down each weekend to watch, driving his big, black hearse. Most drivers are men, but a few women race and occasionally win.

Four races are usually run in an afternoon: three ten-lap events and a twenty-five-lap feature with the running Le Mans start. A fall by a driver before he even gets to his car can cost him the race. Once a year, the four-hour "Naomi Lake Grand Prix of Endurance" is held, which is described as the supreme test of any ice driver's nerves.

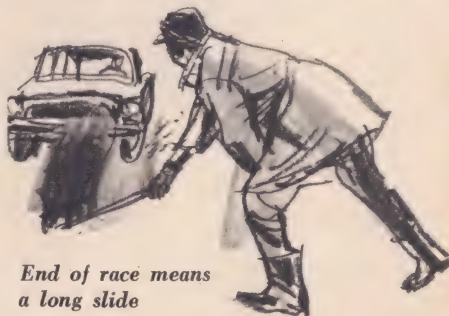
The lake has some built-in hazards like stumps, logs, and several small islands which keep the course interesting. There is a one-mile straight where a driver has to hit 80 if he expects to keep up with everybody else.

At this speed, the slightest mistake

or briefest moment of inattention can cause complete loss of control. The resulting slide can cover the length of a football field or more, spinning noiselessly all the way.

The happy-go-lucky driving of the racers on the broad surface of frozen Lake Naomi does not apply, of course, to the realities of driving on a crowded highway in your own home-town winter. But the experience does teach that a car will "slide itself out" if, instead of fighting it, you nudge it in the right direction.

For this you need a gentle hand on the wheel and a delicate toe on the gas. To stop on an icy surface, the driver "pumps" his brakes with a series of light pressures. The idea is not to lock the wheels. When that happens, skidding begins. If it does, the driver will turn his steering wheel slightly—not sharply—in the direction of the skid. Then he applies a little gas so the engine will start pulling the car, first in the direction it is already going, then by a gradual turn back on to its proper course. Ice racers quickly learn the important rule: unless you want to invite a skid, *go slow but keep going.* ■



*End of race means
a long slide*



Ten Years of Progress Made Fairlane Possible

continued from page 1

concept of a "universal car" for the Sixties.

Not compromise, but a giant step forward is the real story of the 1962 Fairlane. Henry Ford II expressed the view that it "has the potential of becoming the new standard of the American road."

Ford had to develop new engineering principles to build a car specifically for Americans who like economical automobiles but do not like austerity. The Fairlane incorporates the very best quality, durability, comfort, and performance features traditionally found in bigger, more expensive cars, together with the weight-saving, cost-saving advantages of a true economy car.

This is a remarkable achievement. A car of such universal appeal could not have been built as recently as the Fifties. How has Ford achieved it for the first time in the Sixties? First, let's see what size has to do with it.

Postwar cars had a tendency to get larger each year, beginning in 1949. Increased size and weight brought benefits in the form of roomier interiors and a more comfortable ride, as well as higher engine power for expressway travel and for convenient accessories such as automatic transmission and air conditioning.

However, larger cars did cost more to own and to operate, particularly

in fuel consumption. The business recession of 1958 abruptly reversed the trend in the name of economy. In 1960 Ford's Falcon, most successful of American compact cars, gave us basic, low-cost transportation with minimum frills.

Almost immediately the Falcon buyers began adding "frills" themselves, by ordering optional equipment such as automatic transmission or a higher-powered engine or Futura seats. At the same time a marked preference for economy showed up among buyers of standard cars, as for example, the selection of a six-cylinder engine.

Economy—and luxury

Plainly, the American driver wanted a measure of economy, all right, which he associated with smaller car size; yet he also wanted a measure of the luxury that used to come only with larger size. The challenge thus was posed.

In *outside* dimensions, the 1962 Fairlane represents a return to the traditional size that for about thirty years characterized the so-called "low-priced three." It is almost the same size as a 1949 Ford sedan. But in *inside* dimensions, as regards head room, shoulder room, leg room, etc., it is comparable to a 1959 Ford sedan — an advance that took ten

No bigger outside than a '49 Ford; just as big inside as a '59



Driver's-eye view shows Fairlane combination of compactness and luxury

years. The Fairlane may be likened to a modern transistor radio that does the same job as an old vacuum tube radio but in a cabinet half the size.

The same observations apply to the Fairlane's engine power and to the way it rides . . . the luxury qualities of the Sixties engineered into the economy size of the Fifties.

The Fairlane's overall length is 197 inches, and its curb weight 2,904 pounds. The 1949 Ford's length was 196.8 inches, but its curb weight was 3,140 pounds. More than 230 pounds have disappeared—and fewer pounds mean less “fat,” more fuel economy. Or compare the 197.8-inch length of the '52 Ford, which weighed 3,323 pounds. Here the difference exceeds 420 pounds.

One of the most amazing aspects of Fairlane design is the building in of seemingly incompatible qualities:

Passenger and luggage roominess equal to that of a standard size car, yet better than a foot less in length—

Six six-footers can sit erect in chair-height comfort in the Fairlane, and even a six-foot, four-inch rider won't need to hunker down.

High luxury at a low price—

This new line is made up of the Fairlane and Fairlane 500, each in two-door and four-door models priced something like \$200 under standard size cars and as much as \$250 under the top grades of the compacts.

High performance for a low fuel expenditure—

The new car is expected to gain 25 per cent in fuel mileage over the '61 Fairlane.

There probably has never been another American car as thoroughly developed as the Fairlane. After the concept and complete clay model of the car gained executive approval, some 1,500 to 2,000 technicians and engineers began to design and test the approximately 15,000 parts that would go into the Fairlane (counting welded units, such as the body, as one part).

The components of the Fairlane—such as brakes, exhaust system, ignition, springs, etc., were tested practically to destruction on many types of test vehicles ranging from adapted current models to hand-built prototype models, and augmented by extensive laboratory testing.

Biggest test in history

A total of seventy or more of the various hand-made prototype cars were built. By the time you drive a new Fairlane the prototypes will have undergone more than 50,000 hours of laboratory study, and will have logged nearly 800,000 miles of road travel. This amounts to one of the biggest testing jobs in Ford Motor Company history.

Perhaps the most outstanding feature of the Fairlane is its “way out” quality manufacture. This begins with unitized construction, which means that the body and frame superstructure are welded into a rattle-

From round taillights to tasteful grille, '62 Fairlane is every inch a Ford



New lightweight V-8 gives this Fairlane Tudor plenty of pep for outdoor life

free and torsionally rigid single unit.

The basis of its new standard of quality has been isolation and virtual elimination of the principal germ leading to car-owner distress: noise, vibration, and harshness, a combination of irritants known as NVH. That NVH is definitely on the way out is apparent in your first Fairlane ride.

In older cars you begin to feel NVH as an irritating tremor from road shocks at a frequency of 20 cycles; it reaches a jarring harshness at from 50 to 200 cycles; and it becomes unpleasantly audible at 1,000 cycles. Fairlane achieves minus-NVH by isolating the suspension and power train from the body, and with insulation that would do credit to a much higher priced car. It's a new

way to provide a thick layer of peace and quiet between the car's occupants and the road.

Even before driving or riding in a Fairlane you can get an indication of what minus-NVH means by closing its doors—either casually or with a positive slam. The door latches luxuriously with a sound something like that of the word, “luck,” and closes positively because of a brand new lock design.

Another device which aids in eliminating NVH is a new flexible coupling on the steering shaft which helps prevent the telegraphing of road jolts up through the steering column to your hands on the wheel.

Torque boxes are an innovation in Fairlane construction that might be

described as shock troops placed on the front line of the battle against NVH. They are so named because they are box-like in shape, and absorb the road reactions by a slight twisting (torque) in a vertical plane. Looked at from beneath the car, they appear as extra sections on each side, tying the front and rear underbody rails to the rocker, or side rails.

Road forces which are not quite absorbed by the springs and shock absorbers are directed to the torque boxes. The boxes then dissipate the remainder of the shock by "giving" slightly as if the frame were hinged at these points.

In a broad sense, their role is similar to that of a catcher's mitt in dissipating the impact of the pitcher's fast ball.

Proof against corrosion

One of the outstanding quality features of the Fairlane is the thorough manner in which it has been protected against corrosion by zinc, a metal long known to be the most practical rust-proofing agent, but first put to automotive use by Ford in recent years. Underbody members are plated, or galvanized, with zinc, and inner and outer body surfaces are coated with a material containing powdered zinc.

Then comes the final touch—two coats of super-enamel. Cocoanut oil is its basic ingredient, chosen because it is non-oxidizing, cannot shrink, and cannot release pigment. Baking of these final coats locks in the uniform high gloss.

The Fairlane requires less custom-

ary routine maintenance. This car literally relieves its owner of practically every maintenance necessity except putting in gasoline, and with a fuel mileage of something like twenty-five per cent more than the '61 Fairlane, it reduces that chore.

The oil need be changed only after 6,000 miles of use, which, based on the national yearly driving average of 12,000 miles, means that a Fairlane owner merely changes from winter oil to summer oil during the calendar year. Major chassis lubrication is required after 30,000 miles—an owner who trades his car every two years or so will never have his Fairlane on a grease rack, after the 1,000-mile new-car check.

Thirty-thousand-mile intervals are specified for replacement of air and gasoline filter elements, or more than two years of use from each, if you are an average driver.

No antifreeze worries

There are other "takes care of itself" features:

A sealed engine cooling system filled with a new permanent antifreeze will handle all cooling for two years, plus protection to thirty-five degrees below zero.

The brakes readjust themselves automatically when necessary, eliminating the need to "take the car in" for adjustment.

A double-wrapped, aluminized muffler has a greatly extended life.

The body enamel, with its baked-in gloss, never needs waxing—a good washing will do.

Fairlane's standard power plant is

the reliable, short-stroke, lightweight Ford six-cylinder engine of 170 cubic inches, delivering 101 maximum brake horsepower at 4,400 rpm, and a maximum torque (or twisting power) of 156 pounds-feet at 2,400 rpm. This regular fuel engine gives excellent economy, gratifying performance, and overall smoothness. Manual choke is standard.

Lively, lightweight power

Making big news in engines is the new thin-wall cast-iron V-8 of 221 cubic inches displacement that is available as an option with all Fairlane models. This lightweight engine delivers 145 brake horsepower at 4,400 rpm, and 216 pounds-feet torque maximum at 2,200 rpm.

The elimination of weight from this engine is a monument to engineering and foundry know-how—virtually as startling as Henry Ford's first mass-produced, single casting of a V-8 engine block way back in 1932. The new engine has the same displacement as in 1932—221 cubic inches—yet it weighs only about three-fourths as much and develops well over twice the horsepower.

When you get an engine to produce more horsepower per pound of weight, you get a lively car that is also economical. When, furthermore, you achieve this result with cast iron—rather than by using some lighter, but less reliable, metal—you have given the automotive world something to talk about. Ford's new and exclusive technique of thin-wall casting is years ahead of the industry.

Briefly, the new technique permits

the pouring of molten iron to precision thicknesses, closely matching the blueprint of the engine block. (See "The Search for Lightweight Power," November FORD TIMES.) It is no longer necessary to pour extra metal, adding weight, in order to allow for machining some of it away while retaining strength. Iron, because of its strength and resistance to heat deformation, is the best metal for engine blocks; when made lightweight by precision casting, it permits designing an unbeatable power plant.

The 221 V-8 also contains many innovations designed for better performance and economy.

The combustion chamber, in which the engine's work begins, is centered over the cylinder bore to provide better engine "breathing." An engine "breathes" when it inhales the fuel mixture and exhales the exhaust.

Exhaust valves, which are heated to a high temperature by the engine's burned gases, are alternated with intake valves in the 221 to spread the heat more evenly and avoid hot spots which could damage head gaskets.

The Fairlane 221 V-8 will probably be described as a "quick" engine by car buffs and professional drivers. Pressure on the accelerator brings a strong impression of ability; it has an overall feel of strength and adequateness.

With these attributes the Fairlane emerges as the "Universal Car of the Sixties," just as the Model T and the Model A were Universal Cars of their day because they fitted the needs and conditions of the times. ■

GOOD EATING

in Penitella's Apartment

*With a pickaxe you hunt these strange
but delicious morsels that live, grow, and propagate
in solitary confinement*

by Ralph Stevens . . . paintings by Charles Culver

A SHORT DISTANCE from San Francisco a colony of native Californians live in one-room apartments which they can never leave. The walls, ceiling, and floors are of stone. Water covers the floors much of the time. Contact with the outside world is through a small round hole. Yet, doomed as they are to live and die in solitary confinement, they never complain. They remain silent as a clam. That is natural, of course. They are clams.

Penitella penita is their scientific name, but we know them as rock borers. When I first heard about edible clams that live inside a rock, I scoffed. So it was I joined a party of six on a rock-clam hunt.

We all crowded into a station wagon, along with sundry tools and several sacks, one morning when the *Angler's Guide* predicted a minus tide at 10 a.m. Arriving at Bolinas Bay, on the Marin County shore, we unloaded the gear and set off up the beach. A mile or so along, we came to

an area where the ebbing tide had laid bare a large expanse of flat brown rocks—our rendezvous.

Two of our group started gathering driftwood to build a fire; two decided to hunt for cockles in the gravel beds along the shore. Tony and I were to get the rock clams. Carrying a short pickaxe, two hatchets, and a large sack, I followed my guide over the wet and slippery rocks for a thousand yards. The possibility of life of any sort existing in that mass of barren stone seemed fantastic to me, but not to Tony.

He halted before a rather large rock that I noted was peppered with small holes. With several lusty blows from the pickaxe, Tony broke off a large segment. Then, with the point of the pick, he turned the segment on its side. There, imbedded in the rock, I saw a number of shells that ranged in size from an inch to two and a half inches in length. They were oval in shape and grayish brown in color. So snugly did they fill the space they



Cross-section of rock showing the clam apartments

occupied, they seemed a part of the rock itself. It was necessary to insert the thin blade of my penknife along the side to pry one of them out. Others came free when we split the fragment of rock into pieces with our hatchets. From that one segment we gathered two dozen of the larger clams and left as many small ones.

During the next half-hour, we were able to half fill our sack.

From subsequent investigation about these curious creatures, I learned that the small clams discarded by Tony were beginning the second stage of their life cycle—more comparable to teenagers than infants. While not all details of their breeding are known, the life history of this group is typical of the family, *Pholadidae*. The female rock borer ejects her eggs through her syphon during the high tide, and these develop into free-swimming larvae. A tiny bit of life, yet instinct causes it to attach itself to the soft rock.

As the larval shell of the newborn rock borer changes to the "working form," boring begins. Moving its shell from side to side, the borer enlarges and deepens its burrow until its mature stage is reached.

Although the burrow of an adult clam may extend six or more inches into the interior of the rock, the original small opening is left intact. By extending its syphon through the opening, the rock borer sucks in tiny bits of sea life to sustain itself. While

this clam can't leave his home, no enemy can enter.

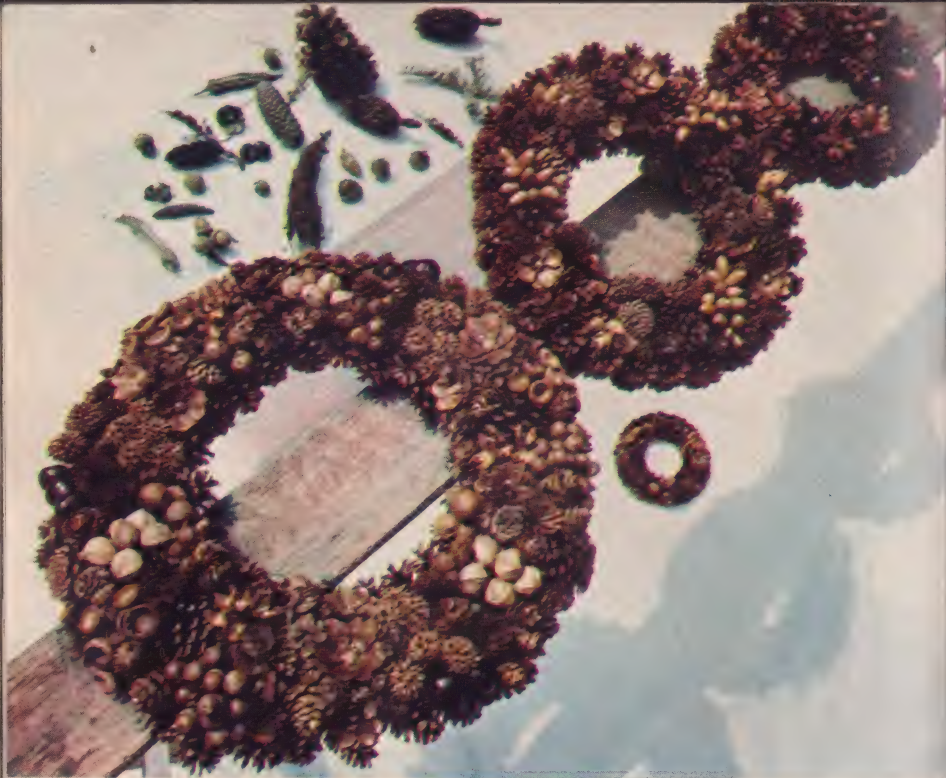
Considering the hard work necessary to gather these clams, you may ask: is the result worth the effort? The answer is a very definite yes. From an epicurean standpoint they are hard to beat.

Try a seaside clam-bake sometime. Here's how: heat a number of stones by burning wood over them. Scrape the ashes off; place a thin layer of seaweed over the stones; place the clams on the heated stones; place another layer of seaweed over the clams, and cover with a heavy piece of canvas to keep the steam in. When your clams are done, squeeze lemon juice over them and eat.

Chowder that's hard to beat

If you prefer, take your clams home. Open the shell by inserting the blade of a knife between the valves, and cutting the tough muscle. Lift out the whole clam, peel away the brown skin of the syphon, trim the edges, but leave nearly all of the inside of the clam intact. Run the entire animal through your meat grinder and you are all set to make a super-delicious chowder.

The ground meat of the rock clam also makes scrumptious clam fritters, or a wonderfully tasty omelet. Some folks eat the clams raw like an oyster. Once you try them, you, too, will scan the tide tables for a minus tide and arrange more trips to Penitella's California apartments. ■



Acorns, okra, and pine cones are used in these wreaths (Frank J. Miller photo)

Holiday Fun

from the Southern Highlands

Mountain craftsmen still draw on the fields and forests for the materials of unique Christmas toys and decorations

by Melvin Beck . . . sketches by Adele Bichan

EVER SINCE people moved into the mountains of North Carolina, Christmas has been far and away the most festive time of the year. The

early settlers brought with them Christmas customs from the British Isles and Europe, and when it came time to "deck the halls with boughs

of holly," the settlers learned to draw on the lush forests of their mountainsides to find materials for building decorations to put up for the Yuletide season.

The forest and the mountain glades also yielded materials for the toys that had to be made for the children. This activity was a necessity in the early days when the mountain family lived far from the crossroads store.

Today, with paved roads creasing their highlands and valleys and with the stores only a short drive away in the car, there is no necessity to make all of the Christmas delights at home, but the skills have been passed down, and mountain men and women still make their ornaments, this time for sale as examples of highland handicrafts.

The handicraftsman who goes into the business of decoration making must become a constant collector of plants, seeds, and nuts to guarantee a supply of raw materials. Mrs. Irene Travis, a housewife of Skyland, North Carolina, not far from Asheville, knows the various times of the year that forest trees and plants drop off the berries, nuts, or buds that she will need, and takes walks through the woods at the right seasons to collect her materials.

Hickory and pecan trees are a plentiful source, their nuts fitting well into the arrangement of the wreaths and sprays that will result, and the hulls enclosing these nuts are also used. The many varieties of evergreens provide cones of many sizes which are an item in most of the decorations, either in whole, or as



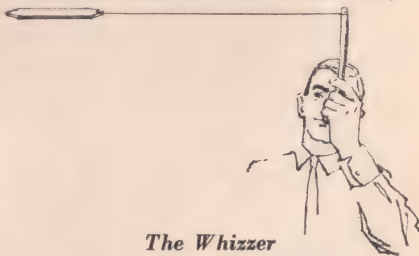
simulated flowers when their points are nipped off.

Every thicket yields a harvest to the eye and hand of a mountain expert—sweet-shrubs, unicorn plants, buckeyes, beech nut burrs, rhododendron buds, hemlock cones, and acorns and acorn cups.

Even farm crops get into the Christmas decorations: corn or its kernels, cotton bolls, and okra pods.

A tiny pine cone can become the body of a humming bird, its head formed of papier-mâché with a pin for a bill, and its wings fashioned from two membranous maple samaras.

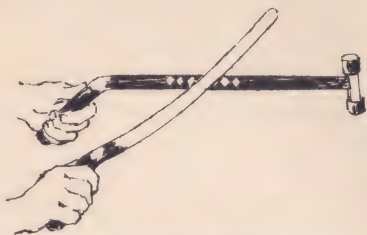
Mrs. Travis also makes sunbursts, delicate Christmas trees, and tiny



The Whizzer

bells from tin cans, her only tools some tin snips and a pair of needle-nosed pliers.

A center for the production of folk toys is at Beech Creek, a mountain hamlet not far from Boone, where Jack Guy has organized about twenty-five families of handicrafters living



The Gee-Haw Whimmy-Diddle

in the hills into Folk Toys, a co-operative which is now producing old-time Christmas toys.

About seventy or eighty mountain whittlers are now working away on designs originated by Guy or by themselves or on current variations of the older playthings. As with the makers of the Christmas decorations, their raw materials come from forest and farm—lengths of dry cornstalk, laurel and rhododendron twigs, and pieces of poplar, hickory, cedar, or elder.

Using a sharp pocket knife, pruning shears, sandpaper, and sometimes a light electric drill, they turn out toys with fascinating names like the “flipperdinger.” It’s a hollow reed with one end plugged and an air hole behind the plugged end through which the operator tries to blow a pith ball, with a tiny wire hook, and attach it to a wire ring mounted above.



The Flipperdinger

A “flykiller” is a stick which uses a hickory slat under tension to shoot a hardwood plug at a fly on the wall. The “whizzer” is a hand stick with a smooth cedar blade attached to it by string, which, when spun around your head, emits a throbbing, ear-beating sound.

One of the loudest of the toys is the cornstalk fiddle, in which the fiddle and bow are made from stalks with fibers separated and raised to tautness with twig bridges. When rosined, these strings produce sharp sounds as the bow is drawn across them.



The Flykiller

One of the most popular is the “gee-haw whimmy-diddle,” a simple toy consisting of a stick of rhododendron tipped with a little spinner and having a row of notches cut behind the latter. When another stick is rubbed lightly over the notches, the spinner begins to revolve. After practice, the operator can cause the spinner to spin to the left or right at will.

Guy says that the curious names are applied in the same manner that a person will call an unnamed object a “thingumajig,” or a “whatchamay-callit.” With eighty persons whittling away at the Folk Toys enterprise, it’s possible that toys bearing these names will be added to your gift list some Christmas soon. ■

Bethlehem on the Rio Grande

**Each year the Nativity story is told at La Encantada
in a Spanish folk play 800 years old**

by Minnie C. Gilbert . . . paintings by Stephen T. Rascoe

IF ANYONE were to tell the people of La Encantada, Texas, that their *pastorela* is a mystery play straight out of the Middle Ages, they couldn't care less. To them it is their very own Christmas celebration, come down from the days of the early Spanish colonists, and presented by and for their own people, though visitors are welcome.

La Encantada is a bilingual settlement on the U.S. side of the Rio Grande about ten miles upstream from Brownsville. Until 1942 the *pastorela* had been presented in Spanish at public gatherings every Christmas for longer than the most aged of the townsfolk could remember. Then the play virtually disappeared outside of Mexico. Last year, the tradition was revived under the sponsorship of the local Parent-Teacher Association. So enthusiastically was it attended that it will be given again this year on Sunday, December 17, and, in fact, will probably never be allowed to lapse again.

The original *pastorela* was a five-to-six-hour drama that rigidly followed a libretto of eight to ten thousand words. Oldsters speak with nostalgia of Christmases when the play began around eight o'clock—always outdoors—and didn't reach the manger scene until well past midnight. The present play is a shortened, slightly revised version written especially for the people of La Encantada by the late Father Carlos Serodes of

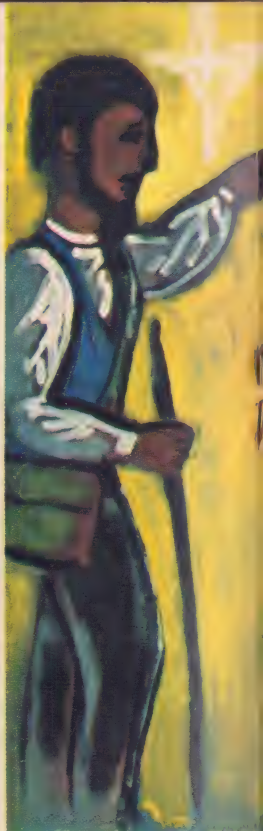
Brownsville. It requires only two hours, including lengthy intermissions.

Los Pastores (The Shepherds) is the name sometimes given this folk drama in other South Texas areas. When it was brought to the New World some three hundred years ago, probably from the Canary Islands, it was already ancient, belonging to the cycle of Christmas plays in European liturgical drama from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries.

Besides the shepherds and the Holy Family, the cast includes Lucifer with his demon imps, an aged hermit who joins the shepherds on their journey to Bethlehem, the Archangel Michael, and the Angel Gabriel. Michael is identified by his wings and sword, and the rancor with which he assails his old adversary, Lucifer, whose entrance is always preceded by popping firecrackers. The dramatic contest between these two on the Infernal Plain, interrupting the shepherds' journey to Bethlehem, is a rare bit of folklore.

Every word spoken or sung is in Spanish (which is also the prevailing language at PTA meetings), and the text closely adheres to the old folklore in the original mystery play. The rituals and costuming details established long ago are carried out faithfully in the Encantada production. The shepherds' *ganchos*, or crooks, are tall staffs crowned with gaily colored tissue paper and Christmas baubles. An almost identical *gancho* was placed in the National Museum in Washington nearly a hundred years ago.

The rosary carried by the aged hermit is always fashioned of wooden spools, and Lucifer's costume bears a distinct resemblance to uniforms worn by cavalry officers of the late nineteenth century. The rosary, of course, is an anachronism, and so is Michael's challenge hurled at Lucifer, asking why he



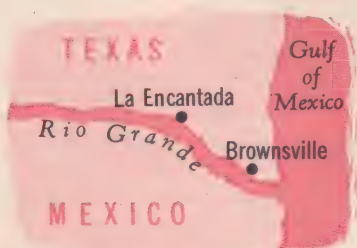


Shepherdesses prepare tamales for the journey to Bethlehem

presumes to molest "these Christians," meaning the shepherds.

Though the quaint phraseology remains unchanged, the play has taken on the stamp of the New World by the addition of lively folk dances and certain other characteristic details. One delightful example is the Head Shepherd's admonition to Gila, a shepherdess, to prepare plenty of tamales to eat on the journey to Bethlehem. The players, however, refresh themselves on stage not only with tamales but with other food, and in a later scene toss candies into the audience—a bit not included in the original script.

Recently civic leaders in nearby towns have talked of turning



the homely, crudely-constructed play into a tourist attraction, expected to rank in interest with the border area's well-publicized fiestas. But the people of La Encantada don't see it that way. Their libretto is copyrighted, and cannot be used commercially or on television.

Though it is entertaining—the dialogues often bring laughs and the cast includes a comic character, a lazy shepherd named Bartolo—the *pastorela* is primarily a religious drama.

Last year's performance was the first in which the actors were children—sixty of them in all, with the biggest, tall boys and girls in their late teens, taking the leading roles. News that the *pastorela* was being revived was spread by word of mouth only. Yet long before dark the crowd had overflowed the amphitheatre formed by the U-shaped school building. Palm-screen wings served as passageways to the improvised stage. More than half of the silent audience stood through the performance, many with children in their arms. One child, rolled in a blanket, lay asleep on the grass before the front row of chairs—the only available space—and the smallest of Satan's imps, their part in the play over, dangled their feet from one corner of the stage.

As the words and songs heard centuries ago in Europe were repeated, the oldest Nativity play in the western hemisphere unfolded. And when a gilt star came sliding down a wire to remain suspended above the crude arbor sheltering the Holy Family, there was a murmuring sigh of acquiescence with the chant coming from the stage:

*Esta si que es Noche Buena
De regocijo y amor
Porque dicen que nacio
El Divino Redentor.*

(This is truly the Good Night
Of rejoicing and love
Because, they say, is born
The Divine Redeemer.) ■

Lucifer is vanquished by Archangel Michael






AWAY FROM HOME AT CHRISTMAS

**Sun, snow, the sea,
and city lure increasing
numbers of families
for a year-end vacation.
An exclusive FORD TIMES
survey**

by Nancy Kennedy



REMEMBER when "home for Christmas" was the most popular refrain around the Yule season? Well, the results of a FORD TIMES survey have revealed that "away from home at Christmas" might well describe a fast growing trend that has changed the scene of holiday fun for hundreds of thousands of American families and forced Santa to add a travel agent to his staff.

A few months ago FORD TIMES polled travel experts, resort owners, state information offices, car rental agencies, and auto clubs in fifty states to find out about family vacation trips over the December holiday season.

One indisputable fact emerged from our poll: American families, in ever-increasing numbers, are taking advantage of the fact that the December holiday week, when children are free from school, presents an opportunity for a vacation trip together. Often it is their Christmas gift to one another. They choose a wide variety of places and activities: ski resorts where snow is bountiful thanks either to nature or snow machines; winter sun spots in Florida, California, Arizona, or the Caribbean; elegant resort hotels in areas like Atlantic City, New Jersey, and Sea Pines, South Carolina, which offer attractive off-season rates; certain state and national parks; big city sightseeing trips, especially to New York and Washington; and attendance at hundreds of special ob-

PHOTO BY DICK HANLEY—PHOTO RESEARCHERS INC.

*Famous Fifth Avenue in New York
goes all out for the festive visitor*



Once Vermont's foremost summer resort area, Big Bromley at Manchester attracts more vacationers during the winter. Ford Country Sedan

servances such as the Ford Christmas Fantasy at the Rotunda in Dearborn, Michigan, or the colonial celebration at Williamsburg, Virginia (page 2).

The experts advanced many theories on this trend to a vacation trip away from hearth and home at the holiday season: new roads combined with a modern auto that is trouble free in the winter; vacations as the latest thing in family Christmas gifts; the fantastic increase in winter sports; the afore-mentioned fact that this is a time when all members of the family are free at the same time; and lower rates at many resorts.

The trend to off-season vacations

Moreover, the old concept of summer as the only time for a vacation has been completely abandoned. At a recent international conference on "The Health of Business Executives," Dr. Arthur Levin of London urged that men with great responsibility take short holidays at "fairly frequent intervals." Many large corporations, for example Ohio Bell Telephone, systematically stimulate off-season vacations in order to reduce the summer personnel problems. But whatever the individual reasons for the family Christmas trip, it appears here to stay and is growing more varied each year. In many areas it has caused the two-week Christmas holiday to become the biggest boom season of the resort year.

Typical of observations received are those of Louise Freese of the New York State Travel Bureau: "Christmas holidays are the biggest season for winter sports centers in New York State today. In 1960 we listed 59 ski centers in our guide and this year there are 70 . . . At one Catskill area over 100 small summer hotels remained open for the first time following the establishment of a new ski center last year. Now still more accommodations are needed for the coming winter."

Avis Rent-a-Car reported a substantial increase last year in its family business during the Christmas and New Year holidays. New England and Florida, especially the Keys and Miami, show the greatest increase in car rental business, where families use the "fly and drive" mode of travel. Most of their customers chose informal motel life which also necessitates a car.

In California, Avis features a new idea which it expects to offer in other parts of the country: the rental of a fully equipped DeLuxe Ford Pickup with camper body, which accommodates four adults with facilities for eating and sleeping. Reservations may be made at any Avis location throughout the United States.

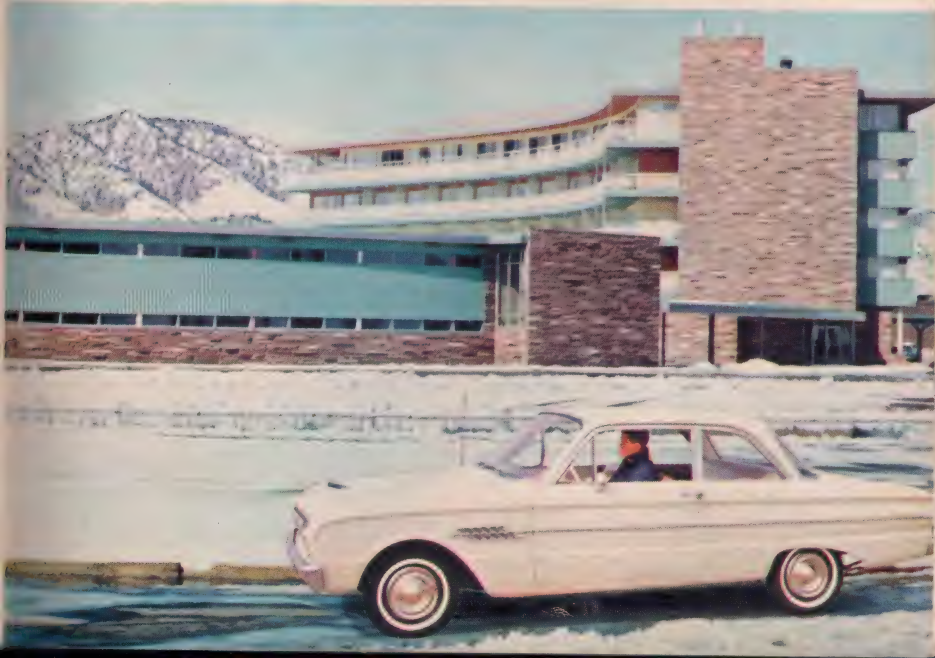
Winter sports enthusiasts and sun worshipers aren't the only ones to take Yule trips. Hundreds of thousands of American families drive to

The Harvest House in Boulder, Colorado, typifies the new luxury family resort designed for year-around vacations. Falcon Futura



↑ PHOTO BY ERIC M. SANFORD

↓ PHOTO BY FORREST N. YOCKEY



The warmth of sun resorts like those of Jamaica proves increasingly irresistible to families seeking a holiday break from the chill of winter

Philadelphia, New York, New Orleans, Chicago, or Los Angeles for a round of big city sightseeing and family entertainment. Many cities offer special attractions together with traditional holiday festivities.

Fifth Avenue in New York is one of the biggest city lures. Families stroll this famous thoroughfare looking at the multimillion-dollar animated store window displays, past the famous New York Library lions rakishly decorated with wreaths, and around Rockefeller Plaza with its glittering display set off by a shimmering 65-foot Christmas tree as they listen to the carolers.

New York is for children

The New York City Visitors Bureau says that lately there has been a substantial increase in the number of people who have been extending their Christmas stays in the city and bringing their children as well. This is due partly to the improved highway connections and a greater awareness of New York's appeal for children at this season, with two weeks of children's plays and films on Broadway, puppet shows, concerts, and special Christmas displays at places like the Brooklyn Children's Museum and the Hayden Planetarium.

Still other families combine both outdoor recreation and big city fun for their holiday trip. The Department of Commerce in Pennsylvania

has evidence, for instance, that its winter sports centers are growing by leaps and bounds each winter and that Christmas week reservations must be booked well ahead in many areas. But many of the out-of-state skiers also drive down to Philadelphia for the immense and flamboyant New Year's Day Mummers' Parade.

A rather surprising fact that emerged from our survey was that seaside resorts with elegant accommodations, such as Atlantic City, New Jersey, Corpus Christi, Texas, and Biloxi and Gulfport, Mississippi, offer their lowest rates at this time of year and get a big play.

David Pearson, vice president of Sea Pines Plantation at Hilton Head Island, South Carolina, notices that in the three years that this luxurious seaside resort-motel has been operating there has been a 54 per cent increase in guests during the Christmas holiday and that nearly all of their guests were family groups.

Other Christmas trips growing in popularity are to such areas as Cape Hatteras National Seashore Recreational Area and Great Smoky National Park. The West Virginia state parks which have only been open in the winter for a few years reported that the Christmas vacation has grown steadily, nearly doubling in 1960.

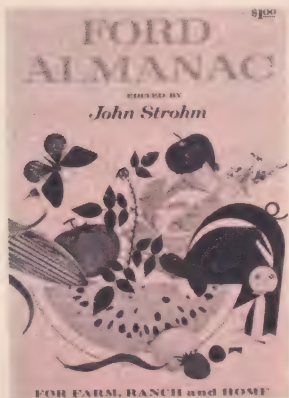
Evidently the old notion of going home for Christmas is passing into the realm of folklore and memories. ■

Formerly a spring resort, the Homestead in Hot Springs, Virginia, has this new Ski Lodge and a snow-making machine. Galaxie Club Sedan



✧ PHOTO BY FRANK J. MILLER





*How to Keep Up
with Mother Nature—
for \$1.00*

Brand new edition of the Ford Almanac in full color now ready

WHETHER you tend a small garden or cultivate farm crops for the market, whether you like to scratch in the backyard or merely lounge in it, whether you enjoy living indoors or outdoors—the new FORD ALMANAC is for you. Within its nearly 200 pages is a wealth of new do-it-yourself ideas, the latest agricultural and scientific discoveries that make life more fun, work-saving tips for housewives and pleasant ways to use the extra time.

Even if you use the book merely for browsing you'll never find a more

fascinating collection of facts. Hundreds of thousands read it every year, and for nine successive years the Future Farmers of America have used it as a textbook.

You'll find a calendar-weather forecast for 1962 so handy that many vacationers plan trips by it and farmers watch it for crop harvesting. You'll also find a huge number of tips on how to make the most of your leisure time. For your friends who are farmers, gardeners, or homemakers the Almanac makes a gift that will be appreciated. ■

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Ford Times ANTIQUE of the Year

Silver anniversary of a well-loved Ford makes it eligible for special license plates in many states

EACH YEAR FORD TIMES bestows the accolade of antiquity on the Ford car of the past that reaches its twenty-fifth anniversary, the generally accepted age at which a car is considered an antique. This year it is the 1937 Ford, which was introduced on November 14, 1936, and which immediately came into public favor because of its classic styling and superb performance.

By the end of the model run, a total of 848,608 had been built. For those who enjoy the hobby of finding and restoring old cars, this figure means that unearthing one may be difficult, although a diligent search of barns, junkyards, and advertisements in special periodicals could have good results.

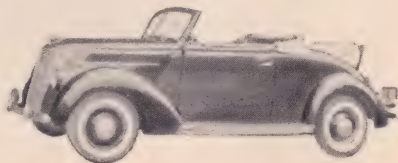
As evidence that good examples of the '37 Ford are still available, we picture on this page a Club Cabriolet bought for \$75 three years ago by

Allen Kalkwarf, salesman for Crete Motors, Inc., the Ford dealership in Crete, Nebraska. He completed his restoration this past summer.

The buyer of a '37 Ford had a choice of eleven models and two engines, a 60-hp V-8 and a 85-hp V-8. This will seem primitive to the present-day beneficiary of Ford's "Revolution by Variety," in which the 1962 Ford is offered in a total of thirty-three models and nine engines.

Among the features on the '37 cars were an adjustable front seat with a rising back to accommodate shorter persons, a trip mileage indicator on the odometer, the starter button on the instrument panel, and a grouping of all instruments directly in front of the driver behind two circular lenses, including the speedometer (with odometer), ammeter, oil pressure gauge, engine temperature gauge, and fuel gauge. Radio, heater, defroster, and electric clock were among the many accessories available.

If you're interested in getting into the car restoring hobby, and find one of these handsome 1937 Fords to revive, there is literature available from Polyprints, Inc., P.O. Box 3674, San Francisco 19, California. For fifty cents, the firm will send you "Books



A restored '37 Ford Club Cabriolet

About Fords," a booklet containing a price list and description of all material on the 1937 Ford, including maintenance and repair. The handy little book also lists the handbooks and manuals of other older Fords, as well as names of parts suppliers, addresses of antique car clubs, and other information of interest to car restorers.

The extent of antique or historical car restoration was revealed in a recent two-article series in *Antique Automobile* magazine (Dec. 1960, Vol. 24, No. 6; Jan.-Feb., 1961, Vol. 25, No. 1), published by the Antique Automobile Club of America, Inc., one of the prominent automobile historical societies of the country. The author, Keith Marvin, a leading expert on automobile license plate history, reported that now thirty-eight

states have acknowledged historical automobiles by issuing special license plates.

Some of the plates are available at lower than regular rates, the age requirement for the car varying from state to state, and the plates are identified by terms such as "Antique Car," "Horseless Carriage," "Old Timer," or "Pioneer." An inquiry at your local state car license office will inform you if there is an antique plate available.

Pictured below is one of the most sought-after '37 models, the Convertible Sedan, with roll-up windows, as photographed a quarter-century ago for publicity purposes. Other valued models of the 1937 Ford line are the Club Cabriolet, the Phaeton (or touring car), the roadster with rumble seat, and the Five-Window Coupe. ■

One of '37 Ford body styles most wanted by car restorers is this Convertible Sedan





These familiar and flavorful citrus fruits were once considered exotic luxuries

How to Eat a Crate of Oranges

In case you think you're due for a month of breakfasts, try this wizardry with citrus fruit

by Phil DeGraff . . . photographs by Robert Leahey

CITRUS TIME in Florida often means the arrival of a Christmas basket or crate from a traveling friend who wants to share with you the tree-ripened fruit he encounters along every road between winter resorts. Or perhaps on your holiday trip to the South you get carried away

and return with the back of the car filled with a choice selection of oranges, grapefruit, and their botanical relatives.

Once you have it at home, what to do with it? Give scads of it away to the neighbors, or be selfish for a change? Look through the basket

right away to be sure there is no spoiled fruit in the bottom, and set it in any cool (not frigid) place. (As a matter of record, chilling usually ruins the finer flavors in fruit.) There are many interesting ways to use your citrus fruit, so delay your give-away program.

To suggest but a few—fresh grapefruit juice isn't even a first cousin to the canned variety; try orange juice in cakes, pancakes, and cobblers instead of water or milk. If you want it to *taste* like orange, add a goodly amount of grated rind.

Also excellent are orange-candied sweet potatoes (juice, grated rind, light brown sugar, and butter). Try orange juice as part of the liquid in orange gelatins. To perk up a beef bouillon, put a slice of fresh orange, lemon, or lime in each serving, and of course there should be candied peel or marmalade from those rinds that are ordinarily discarded. Just remember to shave off most of the white part, which tastes bitter. You can use the rind of any citrus fruit, including grapefruit, for marmalades. Try a mixture of rinds, too.

Intensity doth spice the dish

And what might those little orange-colored, egg-shaped things be, that many packers put on top of a fruit basket along with a dribble of Spanish moss? Those are kumquats, and if you have an experimental turn of mind, eat one raw . . . comes under the heading of "experience." Better try grinding them up (using the whole thing, skin and pulp) and making a dab of marmalade, or add raw ground

kumquats to fresh cranberry relish with sugar, and you have something delightfully different.

Do be careful how you use grapefruit juice; it kills the subtler flavor of most other fruits. It's better to use grapefruit in halves or sections. Their uses in fruits and salads are endless. Over the holidays, when folks are surfeited with rich foods, your reputation will be made if you serve a colossal fresh fruit salad for some meal (see illustrations).

Health in high style

For the salad on page 45, which I did on "location" at my Florida island resort (Sea Grape Lodge at Demeré Key), I mounted the entire composition on banana leaves, against a background of poinsettias. The salad proper, garnished with grapefruit leaves, consists of sections of Duncan grapefruit (white), Glen Red grapefruit, Temple orange (deep orange), Valencia orange (yellowish orange), and quarters of kumquats. Around the salad are the fruits which went into it.

The second dish, a tropical fruit salad, page 47, I frankly confess must be regarded as a major production. The big round garnish leaves are sea-grape, and the salad itself consists of pineapples, cored and cut into spears which are only attached below the pineapple leaves. The orange-colored fruit holding the strawberries is papaya; there are sections of white and pink grapefruit, Temple oranges, avocado, and slices of honeydew melon, persimmon, banana, and mango. The flowers are hibiscus. Mak-

ing the dish is a real challenge.

For my regular guests, in my opinion, there is only one dressing for a citrus salad and that is my avocado dressing.

Avocado Dressing

In a blender put in two tablespoons lime juice (preferably Key lime), pinch of salt, 1 medium-size ripe avocado (soft), and blend until smooth. Add more juice if necessary. Add sugar, to taste. Remove from the blender and fold in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup whipping cream, stiffly beaten (no vanilla), or a tablespoon of mayonnaise.

Citrus Salad Dressing (1)

Another dressing my guests like is made by blending with a fork 3 ounces cream cheese with 1 tablespoon grapefruit juice or lemon, lime, calamondin (a small, sour orange), or lime-orange juice, to taste. Add sugar, to taste. Blend until it is creamy.

Citrus Salad Dressing (2)

Blend 1 cup mayonnaise, pinch of salt, and a little of any of the above citrus juices. Add sugar to taste. Fold in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup whipping cream, stiffly beaten. ■

This tropical fruit salad could be the high point of any holiday party table





Assemble It Yourself: **Lowest-Cost**



The Car Cottage set up for day use and travel provides ample seating

**The
Car Cottage
is probably the
least expensive way
to equip your
Falcon Station Bus
or
Club Wagon
for outdoor living***

Econoline Sleeper

WHEN the Ford Econoline Station Bus appeared last year people throughout the country immediately began figuring out ways to eat, sleep, and live in it. Since then a number of automotive accessory firms have designed and put on sale the innards that convert this amazing vehicle into a land yacht, or rolling summer cottage.

Many, many persons who were cabinet makers at heart, if not for profit, have devised their own interiors. In general, both types of living arrangements have added up to final costs of several hundreds of dollars.

As far as we have been able to

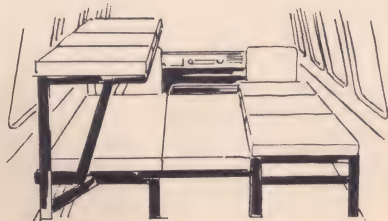
determine, no living arrangement has been produced for this vehicle that is priced lower than the Assemble-It-Yourself Car Cottage. This excellent unit can be bought for about \$190 postpaid.

We first mentioned the unit briefly in Recreation Unlimited (FORD TIMES, February, '61) when it had barely crossed over from an experimental stage to production. At that time the prepaid price of the adaptation was estimated to be about \$160. The present price reflects refinements in the over-all package. In answer to requests we present full details here as a service to our readers. Many who want a sleeping arrangement as low-priced as possible are making this a winter workshop project; they'll be set for camping with the arrival of spring.

The Car Cottage's basic structural members are strips of perforated angle steel known as Metal Lumber, which are bolted together in the manner of a giant Erector set. The pieces are pre-cut and packaged with sufficient nuts and bolts and complete assembly instructions. Two wrenches are all the tools needed for this portion—one to screw the nut and one to keep the bolt head from turning when tightening time comes.

When the metal is assembled you will have two couch-like pieces, one with a back rest that props up securely to form a single upper bunk, and a long, daybed-like piece. The one with the upper bunk fits long

The unit converts to an upper and three lower bunks for sleeping



In day use, above, the Car Cottage can seat six or more persons; in the lower part of the drawing it is shown set up to sleep four. The bottom drawing shows cooking on stove compartment



ways on the left side, and the other on the right. In this position there is an aisle-way down the middle that serves as foot room when the unit is used for sitting passengers. For sleep-

ing, the single upper bunk is raised, freeing a sliding unit that bridges the aisle, forming a wall-to-wall sleeping area for three. With the upper bunk the arrangement adds up to sleeping room for four.

The Car Cottage unit also includes three-inch-thick foam cushions encased in durable plastic to cover all sleeping areas. In the daytime surplus cushions become back rests. Aluminum window screens are also included—an absolute necessity for car-living, as any camper knows. These three items are included in the estimated prepaid cost above.

Plywood inserts of no less than half-inch thickness (five-eighths, or even one-inch, are better) are bought by the purchaser—the plywood is too bulky and expensive to ship as part of the package. The purchaser will also want to provide small pads of thin plywood, floor tile, or rubber to go under the feet of the metal units. You will also probably want to anchor the units with bolts through the rear wheel covers or the bus floor, although we know of one family that camped in an unanchored unit for a week and found that there was no shifting even on bumpy roads.

The right-hand metal unit has a cavity at one end to contain a stove (not included) and can be placed so that the stove is positioned at the side doors or, if preferred, at the rear. The plywood insert for this unit should be hinged so as to expose the stove. A storage shelf is underneath the remainder of the stove unit.

The elements of this package can be bought separately—if the family

has surplus sofa cushions or air mattresses, the foam cushions can be deleted, for instance.

One thing to remember is assembling: put it together with nuts turned fingertight and then use a carpenter's square to true up all corners and angles before using the wrenches for final tightness.

Curtains are needed for privacy when you pull your Falcon land yacht off the road for the night's sleep, and these can be easily made by the woman of the house. Hanging them might pose a problem, and some people drill holes in the molding to install hangers. Instead, try this: bend short lengths of soft wire into hooks and stick them to the upper molding with masking tape, about four to a side. They will hold a surprising amount of weight, but if one

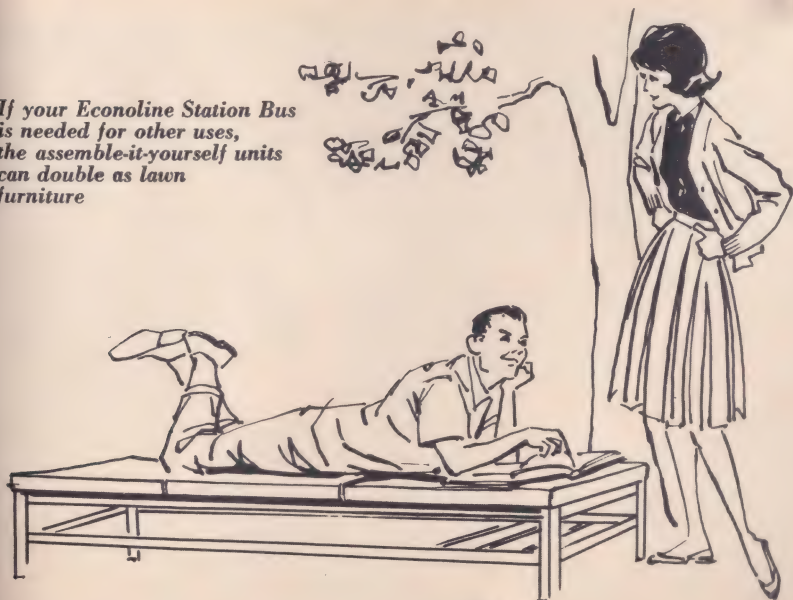
should come loose, it can be replaced with another length of tape. No harm is done to the paint.

The Assemble-It-Yourself Car Cottage can be on-loaded or off-loaded in a reasonably short length of time, and in good weather when not in bus use, the bunks can double as additional lawn furniture.

The Car Cottage can be bought through your local Ford dealer, who has additional information you may need. Check with him on this at the time you discuss purchase of a new 1962 Falcon Station Bus, Club Wagon, or Deluxe Club wagon. ■

*The Assemble-It-Yourself will also fit the Ford Econoline Van (windows may be cut and installed if desired); and the Ford Econoline Pickup, provided it has a suitable camping canopy for shelter

If your Econoline Station Bus is needed for other uses, the assemble-it-yourself units can double as lawn furniture





painting by Alvin Pearson

Innes Tea Room, Kansas

Although situated in the Innes Department Store at 121 S. Broadway in downtown Wichita, the dining rooms are popular with men as well as women. Among the culinary attractions are hot breads and homemade pastries. Lunch is served in the Men's Grill and tea room from 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. The dinner hours are from 5:30 to 8:30. Closed on Sunday and holidays.

Stuffed Ham Rolls with Creamed Chicken

16 thin slices ham

2 cups creamed chicken

Stuffing

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup cooked rice

2 tablespoons parsley, chopped

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup almonds or walnuts, chopped

Salt and pepper, to taste

3 tablespoons butter

Pinch of poultry seasoning or mixed herbs

Mix stuffing ingredients thoroughly and spread over ham slices. Roll up ham slices and secure with toothpicks or twine. Place rolls in baking pan and cover with creamed chicken. Bake at 350° until heated through. Serve with spiced peaches or fruit salad. Makes 8 portions.

FAVORITE **Recipes** OF FAMOUS TAVERNS

Christmas Tree Inn, Arizona

Russell and Emma Bromaghin greet their guests in a small and friendly dining room of their restaurant on U.S. Highways 93 and 466, fifteen miles northwest of Kingman, at Santa Claus, Arizona.

Open 7:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. on weekdays and until 7:00 on Sunday.

Closed on Monday. Reservations necessary for weekday dinner.

Cranberry Waldorf

1 pound fresh cranberries

2 cups sugar

1 cup water

1 package lemon gelatin dessert

1 cup apples, chopped

1 cup celery, chopped

1 cup nuts, chopped

Combine cranberries with sugar and water and cook over medium heat until berries stop "popping." Dissolve gelatin dessert in 1 cup hot water, then mix

with cooked cranberries and allow to cool. Stir remaining ingredients into oiled 9-inch square pan or molds. Chill thoroughly. Serve as a relish or on crisp lettuce with Pineapple Cream Dressing: Melt $\frac{1}{4}$ pound butter in top of double boiler, blend in $\frac{2}{3}$ cup of flour. Add 1 cup sugar and 2 egg yolks. Mix well, then stir in $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups pineapple juice and cook until thick. Fold in beaten whites of 2 eggs. Store in refrigerator and thin with whipped cream as used.

painting by Robert Collins



painting by Billy Price Hosmer

Justine's, Tennessee

Housed in a charming old plantation house of French Provincial style, this restaurant is celebrated among Memphis residents and visitors because of its French cuisine.

Just a few blocks west of the intersection of U.S. Highways 78 and 51 (919 Coward Place), it is not marked by any commercial sign, but gourmets know it well. Dinner is served daily from 5:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. in the opulent dining room, and, weather permitting, in the garden patio; reservations necessary. Closed Monday and Christmas Day. Dayton and Justine Smith are the owners.

Lotus Ice Cream

2 $\frac{1}{8}$ quarts coffee cream
3 cups sugar
5 lemons, grated rind
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup toasted almonds, chopped
2 teaspoons almond extract
1 cup lemon juice

Combine ingredients in order listed and mix well together. Freeze either by hand or electric freezer, or by the refrigerator method. Makes about 4 quarts of ice cream, a refreshing and unusual dessert for a holiday party.

Chimney Corner, Michigan

Walls papered with menus from all over the world lend a decorative touch to this restaurant in the center of a booming winter sports area at Petoskey, Michigan.

At the intersection of U.S. 31 and State Highway 131-North, it is open all year for lunch and dinner.

Famous Shrimp Batter

6 pounds raw shrimp
2 eggs separated
1 teaspoon paprika
1 tablespoon butter, melted
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Deep fat

Beat together egg yolks, paprika and butter. Add milk, water and flour alternately to mixture, stirring constantly. Add salt and lemon juice. Mix well. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold into batter. Clean shrimp raw and run hot water over them. Dip shrimp in batter and fry in deep fat at 375° until they are golden brown. Serve with hot sauce. Makes 8-10 servings.

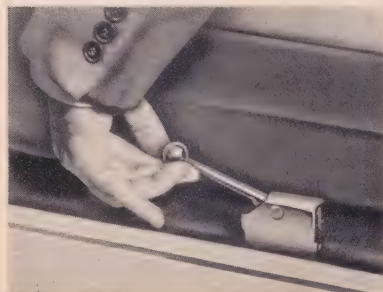
painting by Grace McArthur

Christmas list for your pet car and driver

The following items, ranging from inexpensive to moderately expensive, may prove to be what you've been searching for as a thoughtful gift for a car driver or an outdoor lover—or you



This outboard delivers four horsepower with a total weight of only 29 pounds, making it a most convenient power plant for the smaller car-top boats and craft that fit inside station wagons. It's the Eska, obtainable from the Eska Sales Company, Inc., 100 West Second Street, Dubuque, Iowa. It runs an hour and a half on a quart of fuel.

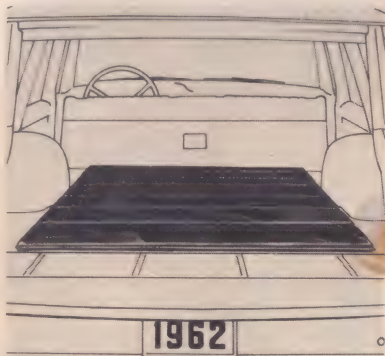


The trunk lid release shown here is a real convenience for salesmen or anyone having frequent need for opening the car trunk. Just lift the lever mounted at the side of the driver's seat to release the latch. The trunk is then re-shut by hand. This accessory can be obtained from your local Ford dealer. Ask for part number COMB-64432A00-A.

Here is a bright lantern by the Clayton & Lambert Manufacturing Company, 1713 Dixie Highway, Louisville, Kentucky. It burns propane gas, which has no odor, doesn't spill or smoke, and needs no priming. A reflector provides a 70-degree shaded area, and with reflector off it has a 330-degree beam. It burns up to 14 hours on a cylinder of fuel.

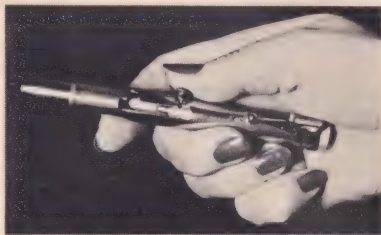


Another item obtainable from your local Ford dealer is a home and travel pad which converts the rear of your wagon into a sleeping or resting place, or a play area for the children on trips. It's made of durable plastic and folds into a compact bundle for storing. It can be used as a beach mat or a picnic spread as well. Ask for accessory No. B9A-5913051-A-D.

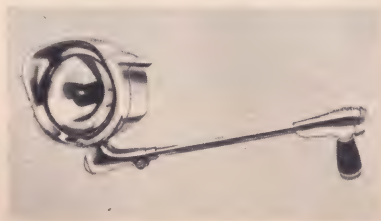


If you're going near the water, you can't afford to be without the Res-Q-Pak, a tiny life preserver that can support the largest of persons. Here a young lady has the deflated pre-servier pinned to her blouse. When she squeezes the Res-Q-Pak it will inflate and burst out of its plastic package. The item is made by the Muter Company, 1225 S. Michigan, Chicago 5, Illinois.





The pen-like device pictured here fires a signal flare from 75 to 150 feet in the air, or it hurls a cloud of tear gas for personal protection from footpads or beasts. It's the Penguin, made by Penguin Associates, Inc., Pennsylvania Avenue, Malvern, Pennsylvania. No permit is required.



Your Ford dealer offers the combination spotlight and side view mirror shown here. The mirror is styled into the rear of the spotlight body and is adjusted from inside the car. The accessory numbers are, for righthand light, No. C1AF-15312; and for the lefthand model, No. C1AF-15313-B.



Inflation of air mattresses, beach balls, and other types of low-pressure outdoor items is made much easier by the Imperial Foot Power Pump, made by the Imperial Products Company, 1133 North Fourth Street, Columbus, Ohio. The pump is operated by resting the heel on its edge and raising and lowering the ball of the foot.



Two items of interest to the station wagon owner are shown here. The boat is a two-seater rubber Surcouf Air Kayak, made by the Kayak Corp. of America, Inc., 206 E. 86th Street, New York 28, New York. On the ceiling is the Rod-Rack, made by the Knost Engineering Co., 725 W. Fairview, Carthage, Missouri, an unusually handy device for holding fishing gear in car, boat, or on the wall.

A one-quart capacity aluminum water bottle such as shown here is a welcome addition to any outing, with its lightness and ease of packing. The product is distributed by the Inter-Continental Trading Corporation, 90 West Street, New York 6, New York.



The Foldaway charcoal grille folds into a flat package not much bigger than a thin brief case. It's made by Holland Industries, Inc., 666 Genesee Street, Buffalo 11, New York, has a combination windbreaker and grid-dle, weighs 9½ pounds, and features a movable firepot with three heat stations. Measurements are 14 inches high, 10¼ inches wide, 18 inches long.



See your local Ford dealer for the FoMoCo facial tissue dispenser that attaches beneath the instrument panel and swings out for use. It holds either one of the two popular sizes of tissue and is easy to refill. This is accessory No. C2AZ-19A549-A.



Shown here is the amazing Porta-Shop, a multipurpose tool capable of working in wood, plastics, or metal, that weighs but 36 pounds in its carrying case. It is built by Calcor of Whittier, California, and can be powered by 110-volt current, or from your car battery. Look for a complete report on this workshop in the next issue of FORD TIMES.





Skiers think of the warm lodge when the weather gets chill

Ivy League Ski Bowl in the Hoodoos

by Rafe Gibbs
paintings by Alfred Dunn

FEW Eastern skiers seem to have heard about the near-perfect collegiate ski bowl which, rumor has it, is located in a vast wilderness near both Harvard and Princeton. While this is not rumor but fact, Westerners

Skiers have brought back tales of seeing elk and great virgin forests not far from two great universities. Here's the real story

are almost the only ones who know it, for the bowl is in northern Idaho's St. Joe National Forest, and in this case Harvard and Princeton are five-mile-apart logging towns—neither of them conspicuously blessed

with collegiate walls of ivy.

The gaily garbed students who dominate the ski slopes are from the University of Idaho and Washington State University. Harvard and Princeton? These were names contributed by two early surveyors with deep love for their respective alma maters. The Harvard graduate engineered not only the naming of a town site but of the whole mountain from which the skiers now take off.

The mountain is part of the Hoodoo Range where beauty is on a grand scale. White pine, fir, spruce, hemlock, larch, and juniper are the ingredients of the towering forests. The junipers are a cross-country skier's delight. Their trunks often rise a hundred feet without a limb, and their tops are crowned with lacy, snow-trimmed foliage.

Many of the giant trees are more than three hundred years old, and skiers swerving beside tumbling Santa Creek can see some trees millions of years old. These are lava-carbonized remnants of a Middle Miocene Age forest. The cross-country skiers loop, too, around rugged peaks—Thunder, Flash, Long Hike, and Camelback. If it is a different and rugged terrain they are seeking, here they will find it.

The collegiate ski bowl proper is on Alternate U.S. Highway 95 in a mile-high area where the forest rolls like giant ocean waves. A new ranger assigned to the St. Joe in the Thirties commented: "This place was made for skiing like a beaver's tail was made for dam building."

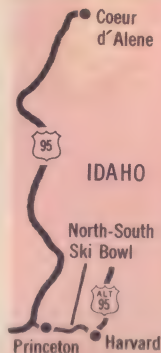
He started something. The Forest

Service enlisted the aid of the Civilian Conservation Corps. The CCC boys built a rustic lodge of logs fourteen inches thick and formed a huge fireplace of native stone. Then they cleared stretches down mountain slopes, erected rope tows, plotted challenging cross-country courses, and posted a sign reading "North-South Ski Bowl."

There was just one catch. Because of the Depression and World War II, skiers in large numbers were a long time coming.

Meanwhile, Washington State University, located forty-eight miles away, leased the bowl for its students, and made the facilities available as well to the University of Idaho, just forty miles distant. Others were invited, too—at a fee.

But it was not until after World War II that the bowl beckoned the many. GI's returning to the two colleges included mountain ski troopers. There came, too, goodly numbers of Norwegian exchange students who liked going to college in a place that reminded them of homeland slopes. Both Washington State and Idaho began turning out top ski teams, and when the students took to the North-South Ski Bowl for practice, they found plenty of com-



pany. In 1958 the university decided to let private enterprise take over operation of the bowl. The job went to the Craner brothers, Fred and Merle, who grew up on a farm at St. Maries, twenty-six miles away. Their Norwegian mother taught them to ski early, even though there was only one pair of skis for the entire family of seven children.

It is now a real pleasure for the enterprising brothers to watch the throngs of skiers on the slopes. Much credit for the bowl's popularity goes to the two new, custom-built platter tows which have greatly speeded up college-team practice. Thus the tows get some credit, too, for Idaho's first place and Washing-

ton State's third in the 1960 international meet at Banff, Canada.

Cross-country skiers in the unspoiled Idaho wilderness frequently find their ski tracks paralleling those of deer and elk. They often see the wild animals — sometimes in unexpected places and with comical results. Last winter, one big elk wandered into a rest room near the lodge, backed against the door, and could not exit. The proverbial bull in the china shop put on a mild performance in comparison. Fred and Merle had to lasso the elk to get it out, and, when the animal was free, it promptly shot down a ski run.

"Its form was bad," said Fred, "but its speed was terrific." ■

Miles of ski trails wind through the tall timber



Letters

Voici l'Executive Editor

No editor would deny Paul Guihard the pleasure of kidding road direction signs in our country, ("*Voilà les American Roads*," page 6), but when he compares them to *French* ones he is equally, though unintentionally, hilarious. Having driven about M. Guihard's native land recently, I can confirm that traffic signals are neatly placed, as he says, the only trouble being there aren't any to speak of. Paris needs about 4,000 more right quick just to stave off chaos.

As for those admirable French route markings, how insistently they lead *to* but not *through* a city like Paris. Having delivered you to some huge plaza, they end. "*Voici*," they seem to say, "here is the center of the world; now *naturellement* you will comprehend at which of the eight intersections it will please you to depart." In a whirlpool of cars and scooters literally wriggling like eels in a basket, you look helplessly for some sign more encouraging than the ubiquitous disk with the horizontal bar that means, "One Way—Do Not Enter."

With true Gallic whimsy, street names change every time France gets a new hero; that is, every few blocks. Maybe (I can't remember for sure) the Boulevard Marshal Foch becomes Boulevard F. D. Roosevelt becomes Boulevard Charles de Gaulle. Justifiably maddened, the owners of corner buildings, where street names are supposed to be engraved, don't bother to post any at all.

I agree, though, about the benefits of symbol signs, or pictographs for road directions. They will instruct the hardiest illiterate in any language.

William Laas

Executive Editor, *FORD TIMES*

Edison, Watch Out

Dear Sirs: In the August issue of your excellent magazine is an article about fireflies ("Keep the Lovelight Burning") and the efforts of the AEC in making a study of them. On the shores of Lake Worth, northwest of our city, is to be found a firefly that is as far ahead of the ordinary firefly as the Thunderbird is ahead of the Model T. The Lake Worth lightning bugs have twin headlights which emit a brilliant light reminiscent of the Model T. You may remember that to build up your light you had to speed up your engine, and if only one light was working it would blind you.

The Fort Worth variety on a small scale creates just as brilliant a white light. Furthermore, the bug will turn on his headlights and cruise along for 50 to 75 feet before turning them off.

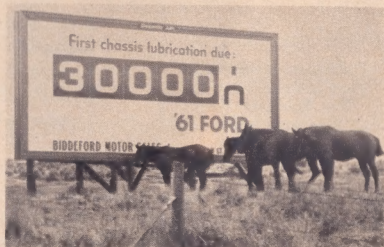
Claude Maer
Fort Worth, Texas

Mene, Mene, Tekel

Dear Sirs: The picture shows Dobbin (who was put out of the hauling business by Ford) in front of a sign that notes another milestone on the road to the perfect car.

W. N. Scanlan
Beverly, Mass.

Editor's note: *The 30,000-mile lube is one of the "takes care" features of the '62 Ford, too.*



Ford Times

The Car Owner's Magazine

December 1961

Vol. 54 No. 12

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Published monthly by
Ford Motor Company,
The American Road,
Dearborn, Michigan

Board of Publishers: CHARLES F. MOORE, JR., *Chairman*, C. R. BEACHAM, J. R. BOWERS, J. D. DAVIS, C. H. DYKEMAN, R. A. GODFREY, L. A. IACOCCA, WILLIAM LAAS, E. F. LAUX, M. S. McLAUGHLIN, T. H. MECKE, JR., WALTER T. MURPHY, JAMES O. WRIGHT

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THE RESIDENTS of Bedford Village, New York, will tell you the town has no really old buildings because the British burned the place down in 1779. But let anyone propose a really new building in the flat-roofed modern manner and he'd have a siege on his hands. The story of this determined and pretty place so close to New York City is told on page 10 by Sloan Wilson, one of its best known literary residents. Paintings are by Cecile Johnson, who, in the picture above, looks at Bedford Village from a country road outside of town.

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Merchantville, New Jersey

23-009

CONTINUING our introductions of new Ford models for 1962, this issue of FORD TIMES (see page 1) tells about the new "universal" car, the Fairlane, shown here in a two-door model. There is also a four-door Fairlane. The cars themselves may be seen by visiting your Ford dealer, who also sends you FORD TIMES to add to your pleasure and information as a car owner on the American road.

